In Memoriam.

Rev. George H. Atkinson,

Born, May 10, 1819.
Died, Feb. 25, 1889.

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Born, May 10, 1819.
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1889.
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THE PILGRIMAGE.

Rev. George H. Atkinson, D. D., was born in Newburyport, Mass., May 10th, 1819. He was the eighth child of William and Anna (Little) Atkinson, who were people of great strength and excellence of character, and who imparted to their children the noble traits they themselves possessed. From his earliest years Dr. Atkinson was noted for his rare sincerity and earnestness of character.

He spent his early years in alternate farm work and teaching, until 1839, when he entered Dartmouth college, from which he graduated in 1843. From college he went directly to the Theological seminary at Andover, graduating in 1846. He was then appointed to missionary work among the Zulus by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, but upon the earnest solicitation of the American Home Missionary Society his destination was changed and he was appointed by it to Oregon, then the only territory on the Pacific coast.

On the 8th of October, 1846, he was married to Nancy, daughter of Deacon Phineas and Abigail (Lincoln) Bates, of Springfield, Vermont, whom it was ever after his joy and pride to call the "crown of his life." Of the six children born to them only three reached mature years, and only two are now living.

The oldest son, Dr. George H. Atkinson, a prominent physician of Brooklyn, New York, having died December 27th, 1884, in the midst of a useful and brilliant career.

On the 24th of January, 1847, Dr. Atkinson was ordained at Newbury, Vermont (the home of his parents), and on the 24th of the following October sailed from Boston in the bark "Samoset" for his distant field, via Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands.

At Honolulu he waited three months for a vessel bound for Oregon, and so did not cross the Columbia river bar until June 12th, 1848, having taken passage in the Hudson Bay Company's vessel "Cowlitz."

He settled in Oregon City, and remained there fifteen years as pastor of the Congregational church. On the very day which terminated his labors with this church he became pastor of the First Congregational church of Portland, remaining with this church ten years.

These twenty-five years of pastoral service were full of hard yet zealous and loving labor for the Master, for, in addition to his local labors, he did much to establish and carry on the work in other churches.

He brought to this territory $2,000 worth of public school books and procured the establishment of a public school system by the Legislature of 1849. Graded schools owe much to his pioneer efforts.

He was the first school superintendent of Clackamas county and held the same position in Multnomah county for two terms after taking up his residence

in Portland, in 1863; rendering efficient and active service in building up the excellent system of public schools which now prevails in that city.

He began work for Pacific university within two weeks after his arrival in Oregon. Dr. Baldwin, Secretary of the American College and Education Society, told him to "found in Oregon an academy which should grow into a college." He started Tualatin academy. He procured the first president of Pacific university; was one of the trustees of both, academy, and academy and university; and for more than forty years was the secretary of these boards of trustees. He was the last of the original incorporators, having served longer than any one else had ever done. His labors for the institution never ceased. Last year he summarized its history during forty years, which account naturally omits mention of his own arduous work in all that time.

In 1872 Dr. Atkinson became General Missionary for Oregon, and in 1880, Superintendent of Home Missions for Oregon and Washington. This work he laid down with his life.

Wherever he was, at home or abroad, he was continually giving his best energies to the interests of his field; yet, with all this anxious thought for its welfare, he kept abreast of the times in all scientific and theological developments, and wrote much for the public press descriptive of Oregon and the resources of the Northwest; and during his frequent visits east delivered many lectures on these subjects.

Everything connected with the growth of the churches of his denomination show the remarkable energy and consecration of their founder.

His rest was always change of labor rather than retirement from it, for he felt that the "king's business required haste."

On the 16th of February, 1889, he went to Eastern Oregon to minister to one of the churches in his field; returned the 18th, having contracted a severe cold. For several days he was threatened with pneumonia, but active measures seemed to check the disease until Monday morning, February 25th, at 2 o'clock, when heart failure caused congestion of the lungs.

Physicians were called but could afford no relief, and after a day of indescribable agony, at 11 P. M., tired nature yielded and he entered into the rest he had so richly earned.

"Champion of Jesus, on that breast
From whence thy fervor flowed,
Thou hast obtained eternal rest,
The bosom of thy God."

OBITUARY.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Rev. George Henry Atkinson was born at Newburyport, Mass., May 10, 1819, and rested from his labors February 25, 1889.

Upon, February 28th, near friends and relatives gathered at the residence to render a last tribute of love. After a brief service the remains were conveyed to the First Congregational church, where followed the tender and impressive services conducted by the pastor, Rev. T. E. Clapp, assisted by President Ellis (of Pacific University), Rev. C. T. Whittlesey, Rev. D. Staver, and Rev. H. V. Rominger.

The church was beautifully decorated with choice flowers that filled the air with their perfume. Long before the hour for this last sad, solemn service every seat except those for the friends was filled, and it was especially noteworthy to see present so many of other religious bodies, who came to pay respect to the memory of this dear brother.

After the sermon, by Rev. T. E. Clapp, the services were concluded with prayer by President Ellis, and singing of "Rock of Ages" by the choir. Then opportunity was given to look for the last time upon the dear and familiar face of our loved one.

The solemn procession was formed, and all that was mortal of Dr. Atkinson was taken to and laid away in that beautiful city of the dead, Riverview cemetery, almost in sight of the beginning of his precious life here nearly forty-one years before.

Sleep soft, beloved, we sometimes say,
But have no time to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep.
But angels say—and through the word,
I think, their happy smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

FUNERAL SERVICES

OF REV. DR. GEORGE H. ATKINSON, AT THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PORTLAND, OREGON, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1889.

Singing by the Choir: "Nearer Home."

PRAYER,

By Rev. C. T. Whittlesey, of Plymouth Congregational Church, Portland, Oregon.

SCRIPTURE READING,

By Rev. D. Staver, of Forest Grove.

Hebrews iv: 1-15.
Revelations xiv: 1, 2, 3, 13.

SERMON,

By Rev. T. E. Clapp, Pastor of the Church.

Both fitness and the preference of personal affection have led us to select a part of the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Revelations:

"And I heard a voice from Heaven say unto me, Write 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' The thoughtful student must always be impressed with the

peculiar emphasis of this utterance. You remember it starts saying: "I heard a voice;" there is nothing to identify it; yet it is a good voice, because it comes from Heaven; it is an authoritative voice, or it would not be allowed to speak; but without its identity manifested, it flows along,—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord henceforth;" and then, as if there might ever be no doubt about its identity, and as though this voice would have its identity known in order that through it there might come an immortal emphasis, it says: "Do you know who I am? I am the Spirit; I am God."

So we are bidden in the light of it to feel that God always rejoices when one of his children dies. We weep, but God is always glad. And then, as if he would say to us; "You wonder why I am always glad when one of my children dies. I will tell you. There are a great many good reasons, but the chiefest and choicest of all to me is that, in death my child rests from his labors." Indeed, dear friends, it is very affecting to the student of the Bible to find how much God has always made of REST when he is thinking of us. Examining your concordance you will find that the word occupies a very large space. Through the medium of the concordance it is well to compel yourselves to see how much God thinks of some things; and you will be affected when you find that God calls your attention to Rest in almost the first chapter of the Bible. You remember how it reads in the second chapter of Genesis: "And on the sixth day God finished his work, and he rested on the seventh day, and

God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because in it he RESTED from his labors." Why, then, did he tell us as one of the earliest of things, that he rested, and hallowed the day because he rested? For what-else could it be, my friends, than that glancing down through the long centuries, with heart in such deep sympathy with all the weariness, toil and anxieties, that would oppress his children, and burden them, all the more because they were his FAITHFUL children—because the hardest worked men in the universe are those who live closest to God and try most to do his work—as if, I say, glancing down the centuries and foreseeing these things, he hastens, before men begin to sweat and toil and bear burdens, to give them this word REST, that it might have a place in their vocab-ulary, that they might become acquainted with rest even before they began to work. And then, too, how tender and sacred it all is when we see the manner in which he put the word into our vocabulary. Instead of giving us a precept, saying, You shall have rest, he simply acted it, pictured this great object–lesson; for the highest way God has of teaching us is to give us an example. What he would have us do, he does; and so he rested. And besides, it has always seemed to me as if he must have said to himself, "Now even if I tell my children to rest, they will think that I look down upon them, as if it were childish and foolish for them to pretend to be tired and weary;" and so He throws all around this act of His—this act of resting—the immortal halo of His own example, thus forever sanctifying the day because He rested on it; as though

He would make men feel that there was nothing so sacred, when one has done a good day's work as rest.

Even then, He does not pause, but goes on to divide our lives into fragments of seven; six days to work, and the seventh on which to rest. And you remember, He said nothing about hallowing the six days, but He does hallow the seventh day to rest. And so He leads us on, teaching us as He leads us, while the years and the centuries roll, and gradually it dawns upon our minds that this division of our lives into work-days and rest days is not an end, but only a means to an end, the symbol of a still greater reality. In the letter to the Hebrews, that my brother read this morning, moved by the Holy Spirit, the writer says: "There remaineth a rest." You have not had it yet; you have had foretastes of it, but it is yet to come; and into all the unborn centuries the eye of Christian hope glances forward and says: 'Where is it? It is yet to come.' And then it bursts in full morning splendor upon us, as our brother, lured by that strange voice, lifts up his eyes and gazes upon the open heavens and hears these words of the text: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors." So, God has taught us to look upon these earthly lives of ours as the six days, and upon the life awaiting His people on the other side of the grave, as the Sabbath—the rest. Hence, it seems as if He had said to us: "There are a great many charms, my children, on the other side, and I know them every one by name; but of all the charms, there is none so dear to the heart, and so

dear to the heart of your Father in Heaven, as this charm and blessing of rest."

Such seems to me to be the meaning of the text; and we are called upon to-day to take the truth and wrap it around this casket, to apply it to the life of our dear brother. Nay, it seemed to me as if God bids us listen now, and hear the still small voice saying, "Blessed is he, dead in the Lord, for he rests from his labors." From his *labors*. There is no good in resting excepting as a cessation from labor. The loafer has no rest; the man who toils for six long days knows the rest of the Sabbath day; but the idler, to him it is irksome. So God would have us remember that it is true, as I said in the beginning, that the truer our life is, the more toilsome burdensome, anxious and oppressed it is, if we are striving after higher and holier things—things that test us, that try all and the best qualities of the soul. He who lives nearest to God, is in this world, the most laborious man. There is something of this to be thought of in connection with our brother. He rests from his labors, because they were labors to rest from; and the words seem to be very eloquent as I apply them to him.

Of his labors this is no place nor time for me to attempt an outline; but I wonder whether any of you will think it invidious if I say that his labors, taking them all in all, stand as the best record thus far of any in the history of your State and his. In unwearied devotion, in indomitable industry, in varied learning, in patient self-sacrifice, in high motive, in pure philanthropy, in loyalty to God, in eminent

usefulness, for forty unbroken years, all in all, can his activity be matched in our history? And measured by the highest standards does he not lie before us as, thus far, the most eminent citizen of Oregon? I say again, I do not know whether you will question it, for I am not familiar with all the noble lives, and I ask you to remember that I said, take it all in all; and I leave the challenge as I have thrown it out.

For no single year did he turn aside at the call of wealth or ambition; doing a great work, he never came down from it, but went right on, in Christ's name, and after Christ's perfect wisdom and method, serving his generation according to the will of God, and now like David, he is fallen asleep.

Turned hitherward to our Pacific coast, not by choice but by Providence, as it hath been with so many eminent men of God, who do not find the fields they choose, but those selected by a higher wisdom; but having found them, he, like those men, stayed where God put him; and so it came to pass that right here upon this North Pacific coast, our brother poured out the sunshine and the rain of his forty years of service. Oregon alone has measured it, and I need not tell you that though God shut him up to the coast, he never begrudged it. His duty soon grew to be a labor of love to him, because he loved Oregon. Nay, he did more than love it; I doubt if in all the State there hath lived a pioneer who believed in Oregon as he did. How his heart swelled and his face glowed as he would talk to us about her future; and few men had the intelligence to talk about her and

her future as he possessed. There was nothing about her mineral resources, her capacities in the way of commerce or manufactories or agriculture—in short, nothing about her that he did not seem to have known and to have learned by heart, like a story or poem that one loves. He loved everything that promised advancement; he loved to think of these rivers full of shipping, our valleys full of grain, our mountains full of ores; the banks of our streams lined with factories, the valleys full of people, numbered by the million, but people following commerce, manufacturing, agriculture, everything, and fulfilling them to the glory of God. This was the great dream of his heart that spurred him on to the end of his life. His motto was always "Oregon for Christ, and for Christ through all the channels of public and private activity;" and who but the recording angels and the angels' God will ever know how many anxieties, tears, prayers, thanksgivings, entered into this solid forty years of labor. There is a difference between work and labor. Work stands for the energies concentrated on the work; but labor stands for the pain it costs to hold those energies in their place, and to keep them busy; the pain of mind and heart and body, of faith and courage; and I say it cost him much to keep those energies steadily and persistently turned on this one spot for nearly half a century. It cost him pain bravely endured, shared by a loyal and loving wife and children; it cost him the inevitable anxieties born of long and slow-maturing plans; it cost him grief and everything of bereavement when God again and again

took home the children of his heart. But in the midst of them all he stood at his post without faltering, without flinching, and not knowing until within a few last torturing hours how near his fight was fought, his race was run; how near his faith was kept, and how nearly in the celestial sunshine he stood, with the jewels of his crown within the touch of his tired hand.

The last official act of his life was an anxious one; it was an attempt to make a rough place plain in the way of the Lord, and in the doing of it he laid down his life. In what is now so pathetic and precious to me—our last personal interview only a few days ago—he showed me plainly, without giving you the topic that we were discussing, how this cry for rest that God anticipated, was becoming more and more intense and imperative to him, and it began to look so sweet to him to find some places and times in his work that were welcoming him to begin. And now it has come differently from what we expected. He rests from his labors.

AT REST.

Rest for the toiling hand,
  Rest for the anxious brow;
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
  Rest from all labor now.
Rest for the fevered brain,
  Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through those parched lips of thine
  No more shall pass the moan or sigh

Go to thy grave at eve, from labors cease;
Rest on thy sheaves—thy heaviest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

No, no, it is not dying—heaven's citizen to be,
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

One less at home!
The charmed circle broken; a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;
But, cleans'd and saved and perfected by grace,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
One voice of welcome hush'd, and evermore
One farewell word unspoken; on the shore
Where parting comes not,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate:
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away our coming to await,
One more in heaven!

One less on earth!
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To heaven and prayer!

One more at home—
That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally.

PRAYER,

By Dr. J. F. Ellis, President Pacific University, Forest Grove, Or.

SINGING,

By the Choir, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me."

TRIBUTES.

By H. W. Scott, Esq., Editor of The Oregonian.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

In all the industries and activities of life Dr. Atkinson saw forces that contributed to the growth of the kingdom of God. He recognized it as a demand of this, our mortal life, that human energy should exert itself in every direction to promote the growth of mind and soul, and part of his large idea was to refine, to spiritualize and to exalt the multiplying activities and efforts called forth in the endless differentiation of modern life. Hence, he looked upon extension of all branches of human industry, upon all efforts to multiply the resources of labor and of production, with the eye of one who takes note of the needs of man as a being for BOTH the worlds. He worked for material objects in order that he and others might turn them to spiritual account in the growth and development of man. All things with him were means to ends; and though he was one of the most spiritually-minded of men, he never forgot that he lived in a world of affairs.

Therefore, throughout all his ceaseless work for education, for morals, for religion, for the kingdom of God in the soul,

THIS MANY-SIDED MAN

Was among the most earnest and active to press (of those who pressed) the advantages of developing the natural resources of the Northwest; of planting industries; of establishing commerce; of extending and improving agriculture; of turning to account the great natural wealth of the country in timber, minerals, soil and water power. He never wearied of showing, through private talks, public addresses and articles contributed to the press, what could be done here in these innumerable lines of industry and effort and how to do it. He was not satisfied to keep pace with the natural development of the country. His mind outran it and upon its great future he held forth with the voice of a prophet. Nor was this the case merely during these later years, since the growth began that is seen by every one. It was the habit of his life. He saw the possibilities of the Northwest from the day his residence began in it, forty years ago, and he spoke and wrote of

ITS COMING GREATNESS

During all these years of the country's isolation and remoteness, when such voices were few. He was a student of the OPERATIONS of NATURE, as well as of the affairs of men. He was among the first to note the peculiarity of our climate and other physical conditions, and to draw right conclusions therefrom. Long before the great region contained within the basin of the upper Columbia began to be settled, and while it was still regarded mainly as a desert, he

pointed out through articles widely published, how the conditions of climate and soil would surely be changed by tree-planting, by the plow, and by the harvests that would gradually increase as the country filled with an industrial population. (He showed how the natural conditions of the country would be modified by human agency, as the industry of man came in as a reinforcement to the operations of nature). The elaborate articles published by him on this subject many years ago, read now in their fulfillment, would be a record of prescience and forecast every way remarkable, and certainly without a parallel here.

All this work, as all the work of his life, was done without ostentation, without any kind of study to produce startling effects. The effort he put forth was never for display. He was a plain, simple and practical man, who harbored no visionary ideas, from whom no indiscreet utterances escaped, whose speech and action harmonized always with a quiet yet firm demeanor. He feared God and he regarded man.

[From The Pacific, San Francisco.]

DR. GEORGE H. ATKINSON.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN EATON, FOR SIXTEEN YEARS UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION. NOW OF MARIETTA COLLEGE, OHIO.

MARIETTA, April 26, 1889.

Mr. Editor:

Will you indulge me with an additional word in regard to Dr. Atkinson. I heard him make his plea for Oregon and the Pacific coast before the students at Dartmouth college, and ever after followed him and his great subject with increasing interest. When it became my duty to select some one to report on education for Oregon and Washington Territory, no one was brought to my attention who seemed so fit to trust with the service as Dr. Atkinson. In all the varied service to the different phases of education in those formative States, which the Bureau was enabled to render during the sixteen years of my supervision, I was specially indebted to him. His information was promptly furnished and trustworthy; his opinions carefully matured and thoroughly safe. He was called upon to advise with reference to the first territorial message and the first territorial laws and the State constitutional provisions on the subject of education. He was a devoted friend of all good work for the elevation of the people—of all the people. He aided in directing the establishment of various institutions of instruction, but specially led in founding the academy and university at Forest Grove, and

the academy at Cheney and Whitman college. The public schools of Portland are specially indebted to him for their success.

Around his consecrated purpose there centered the activities of his strong and large nature. His scholarship was of a high order. His habits of application were fitted to make the most of his time and talent. He saw with unusual clearness the relation of Christianity to the affairs of this life, and he was on the alert to aid in every form of human progress. He was not only wise in promoting civil and religious institutions, but he was a leader in the development of the agricultural and mineral resources, the industries, commerce and varied enterprises of that vast region. He prepared a pamphlet which was published, seeking to insure the setting apart lots for churches and schoolhouses in every town site located by railroad or other enterprise. His heart went out towards the neglected and abused populations of Alaska; and until Dr. Sheldon Jackson began to devote himself to the interests of that region, he was one of the chief sources of the information, which I was enabled to use privately with statesmen and philanthropists, and to furnish the public, in preparing the way for the establishment of law and order pledged to the population of that far-off country by the terms of our purchase. Dr. Atkinson was one of the most completely rounded men I ever knew, and I shall always be his debtor. Yours,

JOHN EATON.

[From The Pacific, San Francisco.]

Feb. 28th, 1889.

It is reported by the daily papers of this city, in the telegraphic news from Portland, Or., that Rev. Dr. George H. Atkinson died in that city last Monday night, after a brief illness. We knew that Mrs. Atkinson had been quite sick with pneumonia, and Dr. Atkinson was not very well, but we did not expect to hear of his death. He was here some weeks last summer at the Teachers' Convention, and was so strong and well, and happy in his visit, and his life, and his plans for the future. But he was 70 years old, and his days were numbered, and he is gone. How beautiful to have such an old age as he had, full of vigor and the full use of all one's faculties, with such capacity for enjoyment and good fellowship, and to work up almost to the day of death—to die in the harness! Fitting memorial notices will be in our columns next week. We will only say to-day that one of the best men on this Coast has gone to his reward—one of those longest in God's service here. He was true and faithful to every trust. He laid good foundations, for he made Christ Jesus the chief corner-stone. He was a pioneer whose name and work will long be remembered as identified with all good objects, but especially and pre-eminently with the advancement of Christ's kingdom in Oregon and Washington.

[From The OREGONIAN, Portland.]

Feb. 27th, 1889.

The death of Rev. G. H. Atkinson, which took place at his home, in this city, Monday evening, has removed from the scenes of a long and useful life a man who has labored earnestly and quietly for the moral, religious and educational welfare of the State for more than forty years. The record of these years is an open book, with which the people, with and for whom he has so long labored are familiar. Its pages are closely written with the story of earnest endeavor, of faithful admonition and of tender sympathy. While his religious and educational efforts have been the most notable features of his life, he has yet aided greatly in the development of the State by the dissemination of useful information concerning its resources and advantages. A true pioneer, he shared cheerfully the labors and privations that fell to the lot of those who were the advance agents of civilization in the Pacific Northwest, and he lived to see the fruit of much that he, in his early and vigorous manhood had planted. His name will be associated in the memories of those who knew him with much that was of more than passing interest in the unwritten history of Oregon and it will ever hold an honored place on its written pages.

RESOLUTIONS.

AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Home Missionary Society, held April 3, 1889, the following minute and resolution were unanimously adopted:

It having pleased God to remove, by death, Rev. George H. Atkinson, D. D., Superintendent of the work of this Society in Oregon, the Executive Committee desire to express in their records the sorrow with which they have received the tidings of his departure, and their high appreciation of the arduous and manifold service which he has rendered to the cause of Home Missions during a period of forty years.

He entered the service of this Society at a critical juncture in its history. In 1846, before the completion of his theological studies at Andover, he applied to the American Board for an appointment to labor among the Zulus in South Africa. But in the same year the territory now comprised in the States of Oregon and Washington, and the Territory of Idaho, was ceded by Great Britain to the United States. Thus this vast region, destined to become the home of millions of our countrymen, was converted in a day from a foreign into a home missionary field, demanding immediate

occupancy by the American Home Missionary Society. An appeal was promptly made by the Executive Committee for laborers, to enter this great and effectual door. Mr. Atkinson was the first to respond. He withdrew his application for an appointment to labor in South Africa, and proposed* to this Society to be its pioneer in the work of laying the foundations of Christian institutions in the new-born empire of the Pacific. In October, 1847, he embarked for Oregon Territory, and at the end of eight months and a voyage of 14,000 miles, by way of Sandwich Islands, he reached the field where his life-work was to be performed, and where he has now been laid in an honored grave.

His life thenceforward was one of unreserved self-sacrifice, and heroic toil in the face of peculiar obstacles. Few missionaries in our own country have borne, for so many years, such a burden of labor, responsibility and care. Being, for twenty-five years, the senior Congregational pastor, then general missionary, and finally superintendent of missions, his counsel and active labors were in demand in all sections of his widely extended field. He could say, as another general missionary once said: "Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." He was hardly less active and efficient in the sphere of education. In less than three months after his arrival, he planted the seed which took root and produced, first: Tualatin academy, and afterwards the Pacific university. He took a leading part, also, in the organization and direction of a

*Records show that he was sought for, for this work.

system of public instruction and various benevolent, humane and reformatory institutions which now distinguish these great commonwealths. As a wise master builder he laid the foundation, and others builded thereon. Such is the work which he performed for his own generation, for all generations, for his country, for the world, for Christ. He rests from his labors, and we cannot doubt that he has heard from the Savior's lips the promised words of approval and welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant * * * enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Resolved, That the foregoing minute be entered upon the records of the committee and published in the Home Missionary, and that a copy of the same be transmitted to the family of Dr. Atkinson, with the assurance of our tender sympathy and our prayer, that the God of all comfort will sustain them under their heavy burden of sorrow.

ASSOCIATIONS OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

[Resolutions passed at The Dalles, Or.,

June, 1889.

WHEREAS, in the Providence of God, our beloved Brother and venerable Superintendent, Rev. G. H. Atkinson, has been called from the scenes of his earthly labors of love to his restful reward in the heavenly city; and,

WHEREAS, We, the churches and ministers of Oregon have learned to love and esteem him as a strong and willing helper, and to trust and honor him as a wise counselor and true friend; therefore,

Resolved, That in this sad event we are bereft as of a father, and deeply feel our great loss in the permanent withdrawal of one who, by long experience, broad culture and extended observation was pre-eminently fitted to give council and cheer to the workers, and inspire them with hope and courage for their arduous labors in these difficult parts of the Master's vineyard, and that we will ever hold among the treasures of our memory, his consecration and unselfish self-sacrificing and loving devotion to the work of the Master, his simple, childlike trust and unwavering faith in God, his prayerful interest in and ardent love for the churches, and untiring effort and patient labor for their welfare, as a notable example worthy of our most earnest endeavor in following. And that in this, our bereavement, we will look unto the hills whence

cometh our sure and never-failing help, ever remembering that "though the drops fall one by one and sink into the sands, the beautiful bow of God's promise still stands," and thus we are encouraged to go forward in the work of bringing to noble and bountiful fruitage the vines of our Brother's planting.

[Resolutions passed at Olympia, Washington Ter.]

June, 1889.

WHEREAS, Dr. George H. Atkinson has spent a long and useful life in Christian work in Oregon and Washington, a record of which will be of great value both in a historical way and as an inspiration to those who will follow him;

Therefore, Resolved that this Association petition the General Associations of Washington and Oregon to appoint a joint committee at their next annual meetings, who shall prepare a suitable memorial sketch of his life, to be published in a pamphlet or book form, and to secure from the churches enough means to publish the same.

[Resolutions passed at Pendleton, Or.]

May 4, 1889.

The Mid-Columbia Association comprises churches, scattered widely apart over the "Inland Empire," as Eastern Oregon is called, the furthermost being distant a hundred and eighty-seven miles from here. Wednesday evening was devoted to reminiscences of Dr. Atkinson, and was to every one the most precious time of all. Each had some reminiscence to relate of Dr. Atkinson's kindness, nobility and grand strength of purpose. Among those who thus paid their tribute of love to the Doctor's memory was Dr. William McKay, one of the historic characters of Oregon, widely known on this coast as one of the best of the Hudson Bay men. He had been among the first to welcome Dr. Atkinson to missionary work in Oregon forty years ago, and his account of those early times and of the Doctor's first arrival here was picturesque and interesting in the extreme. The following resolution was adopted by the Association:

"*Resolved*, That, in common with all the Congregational associations of Oregon and Washington, we deeply lament the loss of Dr. Atkinson from our councils, who, by his wisdom, urbanity and years of service, had become dear to us all. We rejoice that he was spared so long to help lay foundations in Oregon in so much that is noble in Church and State. And we will ever cherish the memory of his life as a model of all that is strong and beautiful in consecrated work for Christ."

[From The Pacific, San Francisco.]

REV. GEORGE H. ATKINSON, D. D.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREENE, OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Dear Pacific:

It was while I was en route to the lower Sound, to be absent for a little time, that, upon casually taking up a paper from the table in our boat's cabin, I cast my eye upon a telegram which gave me the sad and unexpected notice of the death of our much-beloved friend, Dr. Atkinson, of Portland, Oregon, who for so long a time had the oversight and charge of all the home missionary work of all this northern region. "The care of all the churches" was his care for almost forty-one years.

Upon my coming to Puget Sound, fifteen years since, with one exception, he was the only person on the coast that I felt at all acquainted with. Not that I had ever seen him face to face, but I had read for years, at the east, in the *Home Missionary* and the weekly religious papers, his letters, till the name of George H. Atkinson was one familiar to me. Talking yesterday with an old Oregon pioneer, Deacon John Flett, now of Lakeview, he said, "You cannot think how the coming of Mr. Atkinson cheered up the hearts of those men and missionaries who had so recently gone through the trials of the Indian troubles in Eastern Oregon, and, escaping, had gathered in the Willamette valley. The presence of that bright, earnest, educated young man among us helped us wonderfully, and I have known and loved Dr. Atkinson from that day to this. About two years ago he was

here in my house, and I asked him if it was not about time for him and me to give up working so hard. 'No,' says the Doctor, 'we must work the harder and die with the harness on.' " Yes, surely, if it can be said of any, it can be said of him, "He died in the harness." * * * *

His work in behalf of all our Home Missionary churches was unceasing. His heart and his thought were constantly reaching out over his broad field of labor, planning for successful endeavor on his own part and on the part of the several pastors in each of their local churches. Although his work on the Sound was given to another more than five years since, he never lost interest in any of our churches. His advice, counsel, time and money were freely given wherever needed. As our churches grew in strength, none were more anxious than he that they should grow still stronger, by themselves carrying the burdens, coming up toward self-support. The proposition that each member of all our Congregational churches should contribute not less than *one cent* per day to the Home Missionary treasury, was so far as I know, original with him. * * * *

No other man upon this Northwest coast has been able to do and has done so much for the religious interests of this region as he. But few men in the whole country have had the privilege to do as much for so widely an extended area. He was a man of great faith, untiring energy, and an unfaltering courage. The earnest, busy Home Missionary worker has completed his task. His rest has come, and he has gone home. Shall not the Master say, "Well done?"

[Tualatin Academy and Pacific University.]

GEORGE H. ATKINSON.

Resolutions passed by the Board of Trustees of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University at the forty-second annual meeting, held at Forest Grove, Oregon, June 18th and 19th, 1889.

WHEREAS, one of our number, Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D., has been removed by death since our last meeting, who has served on this Board of Trust from the first, more than forty years, longer than any other person ever has done, who first brought the idea of this institution from the East in 1848, who has served as secretary of our board from the beginning, and as financial agent for several years, and has in his trips East, worked for the institution in procuring its first president, Rev. S. H. Marsh, D. D., and other instructors, and has also obtained several thousand dollars for it, and all freely, without pay, except the reward that comes from on high, from doing good, because his heart has been in this work. Therefore

Resolved, That we, the trustees of Tualatin academy and Pacific university, hereby express our gratitude to our Heavenly Father that he has spared Dr. Atkinson to us so long, to do so much, and bow in humble submission to the will of God in taking him from us.

Resolved, That in the death of our dear brother and fellow laborer we feel that we have suffered a great loss in the cessation of labors which he constantly gave to this institution, being nearly always present at its annual gatherings, and at all other times when its interests demanded a friend.

Resolved, That we miss him at our councils, as trustees, as perhaps no other one of our number would be missed, and fear it will not be possible to supply his place with any one whose words will be as weighty and valuable for its good.

Resolved, That Oregon and the whole Pacific coast has lost one who has identified himself with all its interests almost from the first of its settlement, its moral and Christian welfare having lain near to his heart, his prayers having gone up unceasingly for its good; his labors having never slacked for its families, its schools, its churches—at its homes, on the street, in places of business, with young and old, his cheering face and words of hearty recognition in the joys and sorrows of the poor and the rich, having been an inspiration to good cheer and comfort and hope.

Resolved, That with his family we mourn the loss of one who was a model husband and father, ever faithful and true, always loving and patient, constantly unselfish and helpful, and never willingly leaving a single burden to others without bearing his full share.

Resolved, That with the help of God we will endeavor to take up the burdens he has laid down, and to carry into our lives the spirit and characteristics of good which he bore so nobly and faithfully to the close of his life.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of Dr. Atkinson, with whom we sympathize deeply in their affliction, and also to the press for publication.

[First Congregational Church, Portland, Oregon.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Resolutions adopted in Respect to the Memory of the late Rev. Dr. Geo. H. Atkinson.

At a recent meeting of the First Congregational church the following resolutions, embodying the sense of the church with respect to the memory of Dr. Atkinson, were reported by a committee appointed for that purpose and adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our loving and ever merciful Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, to translate from our midst to the place of eternal rest and happiness our beloved brother and father in God, Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, D. D., who for so many years gave his life to the service of the Master in building up the kingdom of the Lord, making the waste places fruitful, and the rough places smooth; and,

WHEREAS, His life work has been so interwoven with the interests of this church since its organization in 1851—temporarily supplying the pulpit much of the time to 1863—acting as permanent pastor for nearly ten years thereafter and being a member for more than twenty-five years; and

WHEREAS, In the ministry, in the pastoral relation, as a teacher, in promoting education and disseminating valuable knowledge relative to our State and adjacent country he has ever been foremost, faithful, diligent and untiring in all that goes to make up a consecrated and useful life as a Christian minister and citizen; therefore,

Resolved, That we are most earnest in our expression of thanksgiving that our brother, throughout his long and useful career, studied to show himself approved of God, that he might rightly divide the word of truth, and be sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared for every good work, and whose example was so faithful and commendable in word, in conversation, in spirit, in charity, in faith, in purity, as to perpetually inspire us with an ever increasing desire to be more earnest in every effort to benefit our fellows and so build up the Lord's kingdom.

Resolved, That we are profoundly thankful that God, in his loving kindness, has given us the privilege of the counsel and ministrations of so devoted a disciple of Christ, so thoroughly furnished unto all good works, so gentle to all men, so apt to teach, so patient, so full of knowledge of the Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation through the faith which is in Christ Jesus.

Resolved, That while we bow in reverent, trustful, and humble submission to the will of the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, and realize that he knows what is best for us, yet it is with sincere sorrow that we mourn the departure of our brother from the scene of his earthly usefulness and activities, thus breaking in twain for this life the ties of love and affection binding him to his bereaved wife and children, and ending the sweet Christian love and intercourse that it has been our blessed privilege to enjoy with him as members of the same church.

Resolved, That we have confidence, in view of the large measure of his unselfish and untiring devotion to the Master's work, along all lines of spiritual and material activity, with but one end to be attained, that of adding to the kingdom of God upon earth; that, having fought the good fight, finished his good course and kept the faith, he has received the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, promised, not only to him, but to all who love his appearing.

Resolved, That we most earnestly sympathize with the stricken wife and sorrowing children and other relatives, in this their hour of supreme loss, but pray that they may receive the blessed assurance of the word of God that all who mourn shall be comforted, that the Lord is a present help and a refuge in every hour of need and trouble, and best of all the consoling words of the revelation, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord—they may rest from their labors and their works will follow them."

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of the church, and that a copy be suitably engrossed and sent to the family of our deceased brother, and that copies for publication be furnished to *The Oregonian*, of Portland, and *The Pacific*, of San Francisco.

HOME MISSIONARY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT ALBINA, OR.

ALBINA, OR., March 5th, 1889.

At the regular monthly meeting of the First Congregational Church of Albina, Or., March 2d, 1889, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove our faithful, able and beloved Missionary Superintendent, Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D. D., from the labors of earth to the rest of Heaven; and

WHEREAS, This church is, under God, indebted to him for the plans and initial steps which led up to its organization, and for the efforts which secured to us most of the money which has entered into our building operations, and without which we could not have built our excellent house of worship and parsonage; and for helpful and unfailing friendship and sympathizing interest in all our works and struggles; therefore

Resolved, That we owe it to his memory to record our heartfelt appreciation of the service he rendered us in our weakness and need, as a church, and our high appreciation of his worth as a man, and his ability and usefulness as a minister and missionary superintendent.

Resolved, That in his death this church has lost one of its best and most helpful friends—a friend upon whom it could rely for help in every time of need.

Resolved, That we will cherish his memory and faithfully endeavor to render our church worthy of the efforts and sacrifices he made for it.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved companion and family our deepest sympathy in their bereavement, and pray God to give them all the comforts that Christianity holds in store for those who sorrow, but not as those who have no hope. We recognize the present loss as great, but the gain by the coming meeting in our "Father's House of Many Mansions" will be infinitely greater.

Resolved, That these resolutions be incorporated with our minutes and a copy be furnished Mrs. Atkinson.

T. H. HENDERSON,
Acting Pastor and Clerk.

[From the proceedings of the ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING, (Portland) District No. 1, Multnomah County, March 5, 1889.]

* * * * *

TRIBUTE TO DR. ATKINSON.

Rev. T. L. Eliot then read and offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

In the death of Dr. George H. Atkinson, of this city, the cause of public education has lost one of its wisest and most earnest friends, who through a long life of usefulness in many ways, always accounted the interests of the public schools as synonymous with patriotism and the highest welfare of the people. This school district and the entire State is indebted to Dr. Atkinson for the vigilance and fidelity with which he co-operated in every substantial measure for the advancement of education in our midst, and by this resolution at this time spread upon the minutes we wish to acknowledge his true and honorable influence, and to express sympathy with his family in their bereavement.

Dr. Eliot said there had been some talk of changing the name of the North school. "I take the liberty of suggesting," he said, "if a new name is selected for a school in this district, none is more suitable and appropriate than that of Atkinson."

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

FROM REV. DR. WILLEY, A CLASSMATE AT DARTMOUTH.

BENICIA, CAL., Feb. 28, 1889.

Mrs. Atkinson:

My Dear Friend—What shall I say! I am in a bewilderment of surprise and grief! Such intelligence as the *Pacific* brought me this Thursday morning!

I have to keep reading it, and even then I only seem to half believe it. I never thought of him as likely to die soon! He seemed so exceptionally vital, full of force and hope and energy. And at the same time he seemed so necessary to Christ's great work here on this coast, and so exceptionally able and qualified to prosecute it! I never found it so hard before to realize that the announcement of a death could be true.

But again; what shall I say? To say that with him now "It is far better," is to say what needs no greater assurance than we have, even without words, "That they may be with me where I am," verily as soon as that prayer of our Lord is answered, and then it must be far better.

Perfected in holiness and blessedness forever! How our poor eyes try to follow him and get some glimpse of that society. We were together on Mt. Hamilton, looking out into the starry spheres, so far, so far!

And as we looked, the wonder grew, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" And if we could have turned that greatest of all telescopes (which was not in use that day), to the same fields of vision, it would have carried our sight only somewhat farther on among the scenes in outer space. And we talked it over with enthusiasm that day that we had seen so much of our Heavenly Father's works. Little did I think that we were seeing as "in a glass darkly," he would so soon see "face to face." And if what we saw upon that exceeding high mountain through those fine instruments kindled in him so fine a flow of feeling what must be to him the experience of the heavenly view!

But I am trespassing; I could write all day. Alas! "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Friend of my college days, companion of my life mission on this Pacific coast, trusted co-laborer these forty years, how can I bid you farewell!

With kindest sympathy for you and yours and with prayers for your consolation.

I am, yours truly,

S. H. Willey.

FROM REV. DR. BENTON, PROFESSOR IN PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

OAKLAND, Cal., Feb. 27, 1889.

Dear Mrs. Atkinson:

How surprised I was this morning to be told that Dr. Atkinson had died on Monday. I was in San Francisco Tuesday evening to lecture and did not see the announcement in the paper that evening.

Of course, we know nothing beyond the fact. We hope it did not come upon you suddenly; and we hope you experienced the wonderfulness of the divine support, from the sickness to the burial. We sorrow with you. My wife and mother had learned to admire and love your husband; and are now more than ever glad that he was here with us last summer and enjoyed himself in various ways so much.

He was so erect, so well, so ready for physical or mental work, when here, and so full of plans and hopes for the coming months and years, that we had not thought it likely that he would die these ten years yet. And so we feel a sense of disappointment and personal loss in the event, which is so overwhelming to yourself and your children and your life long friends.

Personally, he may have needed no premonitions, but in his public position he did and we hope he was favored with such as might enable him to "set his house in order."

In your loss, loneliness and grief, we counsel you and yours to God and the word of His grace. To whom else shall poor mortals go, for refuge and solace.

With love and sympathy.

J. A. Benton.

FROM REV. J. A. CRUZAN, A FORMER PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF PORTLAND.

San Francisco, March 10, 1889.

My Dear Mrs. Atkinson:

The news of Dr. Atkinson's death came to me in my sick room, hence the delay in writing you. It is difficult to put into words all that is in my heart, for I loved Dr. Atkinson very dearly. I think there is no severer test of a Christian minister than the way he feels and acts towards his successor in a pastorate. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, used to tell the young men that the "besetting sin of the ministry is envy." There was not a particle of envy in Dr. Atkinson's great heart. During the five years of my pastorate, in countless ways, he made me feel that I had no truer friend in all the church than he. And in so many ways did he give me help and counsel that I needed, so modestly, so kindly, so unobtrusively that I learned to love him as a dear father.

I refuse to think of him as dead. It is not death but birth. It is not *rest* even. It is new strength and a new and endless activity. For, "Are they not

all ministering spirits." But how his presence will be missed! As the old farmer said at Daniel Webster's funeral, so I say of Dr. Atkinson: "the world will be very lonesome without you.". My heart goes out to you, the dear wife and the children of this royal man. As no others you know his worth, and the great loss of his going hence.

May God have you in his own blessed keeping. Mrs. Cruzan joins me in love and deep sympathy.

Yours with regard,

J. A. Cruzan.

FROM REV. DR. FISKE, OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Newburyport, March 4th, 1889.

My Dear Mrs. Atkinson:

I cannot tell you how surprised and grieved I was at the sad intelligence that came to your eastern friends last week.

I can hardly realize that your dear husband is no longer on this earth, that he has been called away from the friends and the work he loved so well.

I regret now more than ever that I failed to see him when in Portland last spring; I little thought then that I was missing my last opportunity to meet him in the flesh. I have known and loved him for many years and few nobler and more consecrated men has it been my privilege to know; indeed, I cannot recall one in the whole circle of my friends who gave himself more completely and joyfully to work of the Lord.

And he had done so much and had been so active that it seemed as if there must be years of service still before him. But he was needed elsewhere. The time had come for him to go up higher. "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him;" and it seems to me that for many years to come there will be following him heavenward from all over Oregon, cheering reports of the results of his self-denying labors. His death is a great loss to the Pacific slope. To you and your family it is an unspeakable loss. How desolate will be your home! I am thankful that you are not entirely alone—that your son is with you and your daughter so near. They will be a great comfort to you, and better than all, you will, I am sure, find a refuge and a solace beneath the overshadowing wings of infinite love.

Mrs. Fiske desires me to convey to you and your family the assurance of her tenderest sympathy with my own.

The dear Lord bless and comfort you all.

Very sincerely and sympathizingly yours,

D. T. Fiske.

FROM REV. S. L. BATES, OF NEWBURY, VERMONT.

NEWBURY, Vt., March 22, 1889.

My Dear Mrs. Atkinson:

I cannot longer refrain from telling you of my deep sympathy with you in your great sorrow. It has been in my mind and heart to do this ever since the sad intelligence of your dear husband's death came to us, but I have feared that a letter from outside the circle of kindred and most intimate friends would be an intrusion upon the sacredness and privacy of your personal grief. Be assured of my sincere sympathy with you in this terrible bereavement. In a two-fold sense I do feel my self afflicted in your affliction.

It grieves me that you and your family must be called to taste this bitter cup, and I sorrow at the death of Dr. Atkinson as that of a very choice personal friend.

I have in the years of my ministry here, counted myself extremely fortunate to have had such an intimate association with him as has given me the assurance of a very sincere friendship between us.

You, of course, know of my strong attachment for his brother Joseph, and my high regard for the family, and can understand how well prepared I was for a high estimate of Dr. Atkinson as a very noble and sincere man in all the relations of life. But a personal

acquaintance with him led me to a positive admiration and affection for him. Besides, the sad and tender offices I performed for your dear son, Dr. Geo. H. Atkinson, of Brooklyn, as well as the high esteem I had for him, formed another bond of tender regard for the father, and the entire family, indeed. I have preserved with great care the precious letter he wrote me after the burial of your son and the beautiful Christian spirit it breathed has been a constant lesson to me in the recent years. I cannot express to you my own sense of personal loss in Dr. Atkinson's death, not to say sense of the loss which the church and country have sustained. If ever the history of the Pacific coast is truthfully written out, his great power in all that region will stand forth in wonderful prominence and light. But I continually ask myself, since his death creates such a void in the country and in the church at large, what must be its desolating power in his own home? I do not wish to intrude upon the sacredness of this relation further than to assure you that I do appreciate the sorrow that has come upon you and yours. Truly the hand of God is very heavily upon you. But I scarcely need add what you already know that the very things which make your loss greater do also make your comforts richer. The memories of the past are indeed blessed and the hopes of the future especially precious. Prompted by my high regard for Dr. Atkinson, I prepared a brief sketch of his life for our Vermont Congregational paper, the *Vermont Chronicle*, and I send you by to-day's mail two copies of that issue. I am aware that this sketch

is very imperfect so far as it gives my just estimate of Dr. Atkinson's character and work; it was only designed for an outline of these.

Mrs. Bates joins me in expressions of sympathy for you all.

May the dear Lord continually give you his presence and support.

Very sincerely yours,
S. L. Bates.

Gone home! Gone home! His active, earnest spirit,
His great heart of love!
The heavenly mansion now he doth inherit,
Which Christ made ready ere he went above.

I have fought a good fight;
I have finished my course;
I have kept the faith.

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